You're Rocky, I'm Apollo

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You're Rocky, I'm Apollo

by Anonymous

Summary

Nicholas Slovacek was many things, but easy-to-read wasn't one of them. Sure, he's quick-tempered and loud-mouthed, but he also didn't offer much about himself to anyone; especially not of his own accord. Maybe today was as good as any for Nash to finally change that.

OR
Nash recounts his wet dream about one of the recruits in Platoon 2032

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Nash was jolted awake to the jarring sound of metal and the booming voices of men. Their shouts and demands ricocheted off the barrack walls as Nash and the rest of his platoon fumbled haphazardly out of their cots to stand at attention at the base of their bunks, ready to suffer the day. Nash felt a little nauseous, as he typically did when awoken so suddenly. Apparently three months on Parris Island still couldn't get him attuned to being thrown into a state of panic and action. Perhaps that's why the DI's used this method as part of their training routine.

"Rise and shine, shit-for-brains!" Drill Instructor Howitt screamed, his voice barraging the sleepy recruits.

He stalked through the center of the barracks, piercing blue eyes sweeping the room. The other two instructors -McKinnon and Sullivan- stood at attention nearby, stances rigid. The recruit beside Nash shuffled uncomfortably. None of them spoke. Nash blinked away the lethargic remnants of sleep as Sergeant Howitt continued berating other recruits further down the line; his loud voice jarring in the otherwise stark silence of the barracks.

The groggy feeling in his head finally dissipated by the time Howitt made his way back toward Nash's bunk. Howitt's boots squeaked on the linoleum flooring. Nash felt relief wash over him as Sergeant Howitt continued walking forward; thankful today he would not fall victim to his instructor's wrath-

The thought formed in Nash's mind just as quickly as it died. Howitt froze mid-stride, pivoting to face him. Nash tensed, a flush of anxiety coursing through him.

"Are you excited for training today, Recruit?!" Howitt hollered.

He could feel the many eyes in the room on him. Howitt stood inches in front of his face, blue eyes blazing. Looking through Howitt's shoulder, Nash responded:

"Sir, yes, Sir!"

There was an uncomfortably long second of silence. Howitt straightened, a shit-eating grin spreading across his face.

"I can see that Recruit," he began. Confused, Nash waited. All of a sudden, Howitt was right back in his face again, screaming into his ear.

"Whatever dirty dreams you've been having, keep them to yourself! You understand, Morning Wood? I don't wanna find out why you AND your pecker are standing at attention on my line!"

Before Nash had a chance to process what he'd said, Howitt had moved on; screaming at someone else a few rows down the line. Nash felt his face burning, mortified by Howitt's words and the audience before him. He became painfully aware of his dick, half-hard in his briefs. Without removing his eyes from the far wall, he listened to the grating voice of his drill instructor as the dream came flooding back.

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Somewhere in the back of his mind, Nash knew he was dreaming. He stood at dusk on a field with scattered tents and various recruits frantically busying themselves. There was constant movement as he took in his surroundings. The tents were set up on marshland; dozens of recruits hauling equipment under the scrutinous watch of the drill instructors.

He concluded he must be in the middle of the final exam -dubbed ‘The Crucible’- given what was happening around him. That wasn’t for another few days, but the anxiety and anticipation of the final test had kept it in the forefront of his mind; in waking life and his dreams. It wasn’t the first time he’d dreamt about Parris Island; it irritated him that even in his sleep he couldn’t escape it.

“Hey,” a voice somewhere behind him called out. “You planning on making a run for it? My bets on the gators getting to you before we do.”

He turned to see Slovacek amble toward him, carrying an MRE in his hand. Without waiting for an answer, Slovacek took a seat beside him, all his attention focused on the meal in front of him. Nash joined him, rummaging in his own pack he’d been carrying.

The two of them sat in silence for a moment. Nash wasn’t sure what to say, and honestly? When it came to Slovacek, he never really knew. When they weren’t bickering with each other, they’d each be bickering with someone else. Their conversations circulated between insults and sarcasm. The competitiveness born between them was Slovacek’s doing, and even then that provided little material for conversation. It never stopped Nash’s curiosity surrounding his fellow recruit, however.

Nicholas Slovacek was many things, but easy-to-read wasn’t one of them. Sure, he’s quick-tempered and loud-mouthed, but he also didn’t offer much about himself to anyone; especially not of his own accord. Maybe today was as good as any for Nash to finally change that.

“Why’d you choose Apollo for me and Rocky for you?” Nash asked, sounding casual as he bit into the sandwich he found. There was a few moments pause before Slovacek answered:

“They’re both warriors, in their own ways.” Slovacek bit into his meal, allowing for a break in conversation. Nash took this moment to interject.

“I didn’t take you for a movie guy,” Nash watched as Slovacek gave a nonchalant shrug, chewing slowly.

“Apollo has the skill and charisma that got him to where he is. Making him a worthy opponent,” Slovacek continued, a smirk tugging the corner of his mouth. “You, however, don’t have the confidence that he does. Or the balls.”

Nash smiled at that. He liked that their conversations always had a playful edge to them. Maybe that’s why he never found Slovacek quite as intimidating as the other recruits did. The informality of their conversations contrasted comfortably with the rigidness of bootcamp. If anything, it made being here more interesting.

“And what about Rocky?” Nash inquired. Slovacek didn’t answer as he wrapped his arms loosely around his knees, now finished with his evening meal. He looked out at the sea of tents in front of him as Nash waited patiently for his answer.

“Because Rocky’s cool, handsome, and just as good a fighter as his opponent.” Slovacek looked his way, a cocky grin on his face. Nash chuckled, shaking his head.

“Yeah, well, Apollo always wins. Like I told you before.” Nash took another bite of his food, grinning Slovacek’s way. Slovacek rolled his eyes, grinning too.

“Time will tell.”

They both sat there in silence for a few minutes as Nash finished his evening meal and washed it down with water from his canteen. The chaos around them had settled a bit as people were preparing for bed, awaiting the trials of tomorrow. It was getting dark now, the sun sinking slowly behind the trees lining the clearing they were in.

“I don’t watch movies much,” Slovacek said. “My dad is a big *Rocky* fan. He used to watch it every Sunday morning with me and my sister when we were kids.”

Nash turned, pleasantly surprised the conversation had simply stalled, not ended. Slovacek focused on picking at the skin around his nails.

“You close with either of them?” Nash asked. Slovacek considered this, a muscle in his jaw working. The pause in conversation lasted long enough Nash didn’t think he’d get an answer; until Slovacek finally opened his mouth to speak:

“My sister’s smart. She doesn’t take shit from nobody,” Slovacek fiddled with the laces on one of his boots as he spoke. “She’s pissed off with me for being here. Said I shouldn’t have put myself in a situation where my only two options are ‘war and jail’, as she put it.” Slovacek used air quotes around the words mockingly.

“She’s more pissed off at my mother’s boyfriend, though. She blames him for what happened.” Slovacek said, his brows knitting together. He scoffed and said nothing else.

Nash recounted the story Slovacek told only a few weeks into bootcamp. Something about a robbery gone wrong, an assault charge, and a one-way ticket to Parris Island to avoid being sent to an upstate

prison. Nash couldn't fathom what could be enticing enough to convince Slovacek to steal a car and fund his mother's boyfriend's drug habit. Based on the very little Slovacek had mentioned about the guy, there wasn't much to like.

Bootcamp was a slim bypass to incarceration, and the only thing keeping him out of it. One wrong move, and he'd be gone. Nash recalled the ultimatum presented to him by Sergeant McKinnon on the days leading up to the marksmanship exam with unease. Both of the men were tethered together by the threat of failure just as much as each other's success.

"Regardless of how things went down, I'm sure she's proud of you."

That seemed to strike a nerve somewhere in Slovacek. Nash could see how visibly uncomfortable the comment made him. He didn't know anything about his relationship with his sister, but he clearly cared about her- and ultimately what she thought of him. Nash knew what it was like to let someone close to you down, and the shame that comes with it.

Nash rummaged around in his pack, the illusion of casual. Slovacek's mood -clearly soured- halted the conversation. The distance between them felt more than just physical. Nash didn't expect Slovacek to share so much of himself within their short conversation, and knew pushing the matter would only cause the other man to close off further.

He'd successfully managed to create a shortcut past the hostility which dominated most of Slovacek's interactions with others, and didn't plan on losing that progress. Nash couldn't help that small part of him that wanted the approval of the other man and the ability to level with him on equal footing. As if sensing the awkwardness between them, Nash caught recruit Santos waving him over. Taking the opportunity to excuse himself, he left the other man to lick his wounds in private.

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Later, once the DI's dismissed their platoons for the night, both men robotically got ready for bed. The way they'd left their last conversation gnawed at Nash, toiling repetitively in his mind. What could he say that would neutralize the tension between them once again? Should he say anything at all? Slovacek's hip bumped into him within the limited space of the tent. Neither man acknowledged the physical contact and just continued getting ready for lights out.

Apart from themselves, the only other contents inside of the tent consisted of two sleeping bags with their packs resting at the foot of them, and one marine-issued tent lamp hanging between them. The space the men were confined to was already tight enough as it was and the awkwardness between them seemed to restrict the space further. With his back to Nash, Slovacek unbuckled his belt as he prepared to take off his fatigues. Nash couldn't help but take notice of Slovacek's broad shoulders, wide torso and the two dimples resting on his lower back, courtesy of the shirt rucked up partially to undo the buckle of his pants.

Returning his gaze towards the wall of the tent, Nash did the same. Both men undressed back to back, both making a conscious effort not to touch. Like a ridiculous game of twister, they contorted and moved around the other so clothes could come off and be folded neatly aside. Both of them -now in a t-shirt and boxers- tucked themselves into their sleeping bags.

"You mind turning out the light?" Slovacek spoke, gesturing to the lamp splitting the space down the middle.

With a nod, Nash did as commanded and the tent was swallowed by darkness. Nash listened as Slovacek cleared his throat and shuffled around in the darkness, trying to get comfortable on the hard ground.

Nash laid on his back, eyes open but seeing nothing in the darkness as they struggled to adjust to the limited light from outside the tent. He heard someone cough a few tents away, the zip closing on another. His mind returned once again to the man laying beside him, anxiously brainstorming what best to say.

“I’m sorry for overstepping, earlier.” Nash started, the need to clear the air guiding him to speak further. “I’m not trying to make being here harder than it already is.”

He heard rustling beside him as Slovacek turned his head toward him in the dark, saying nothing. Nash continued to stare up at the ceiling of the tent, feeling warm despite the chill in the night air. He could hear the steady breathing of the man laying beside him.

When Slovacek finally spoke, he said: “Relax, Apollo. You were just making conversation.”

His response was dismissive, surprisingly casual despite how tense the conversation made him in the moment. Maybe giving him time alone was what he needed to decompress, but Nash had to be sure.

“So are we good?”

As per the flow of the day’s conversation, Slovacek took a second to answer.

“For now. We might not be tomorrow when I completely mop the floor with you on the shooting range.” He replied slyly, arrogance in his voice. Nash scoffed.

“Bullshit, unless wildlife counts as points this time, you won’t even come close to my score.” Nash tucked his arms behind his head, the remnants of his anxiety seeping into the ground below him.

“Oh!” Slovacek responded, his tone passive-aggressive. “You have all those pages in that little diary of yours yet *nothing* new to say.”

“That’s what you think,” Nash rolled onto one elbow to face Slovacek. His eyes traced the silhouette of his fellow recruit in the dark. He heard the fabric of Slovacek’s sleeping bag rustle with movement.

“Oh yeah?” Slovacek challenged. His limbs moved like ink in the dark as he propped himself up on an elbow to mimic Nash. “You feeling brave enough to share this time?”

“I don’t think you could handle what I’d have to say about you, Rocky.” Nash taunted, leaning closer to the other man in the dark. Slovacek chuckled darkly as he leaned forward, taking the bait.

“Try me.”

In the darkness, it felt like they were somewhere else entirely. Faces inches apart, Slovacek’s breath tickling his neck as the sounds of the marsh at night filled the remaining silence. Nash could feel the heat radiating from Slovacek’s body, the proximity between them intoxicating. He could just barely glimpse the man’s features this close to him in the dark, anticipation building between them. Despite being surrounded by hundreds of other recruits, Nash felt this moment between them was private. They were exposed yet hidden away, tucked beside each other in the night.

Nash wasn’t sure when he’d leaned closer, but he could feel the bridge of Slovacek’s nose against his own. He heard Slovacek inhale sharply

before closing the gap between them. They lingered in the kiss, Nash's soft lips against Slovacek's slightly rougher ones. They shared a breath between them before the gap closed again, kissing over and over. The stubble on Slovacek's chin brushed his cheek as he planted a kiss to Nash's jaw, sighing against his skin. Nash reached up to cup the side of Slovacek's face, guiding his lips towards his once more.

Nash grasped the front of the other man's shirt, pulling him toward his side of the tent. Without much resistance, Slovacek followed. He braced a hand on one side of Nash's head, his other forearm resting on the tent floor. They stayed like this for a moment, deepening their kisses until their tongues joined in the mix. Nash slid his tongue into the other man's mouth as Slovacek shifted his weight, now straddling Nash, broad shoulders and muscular arms bracketing him in.

Tangled up in each other, Nash somehow managed to pull the sleeping back cover back, allowing for both of their bodies to touch with one less layer on their skin. Nash folded at his knees, planting his feet wide to allow Slovacek access. Slovacek ground into him, both of their groins rubbing together through the fabric of their boxers. A satisfied sigh escaped Nash's mouth, thankful for the friction the body above him granted. Slovacek leaned into him, kissing a line down his throat and biting down near his collarbone. Nash bit back a low moan, fingers digging into Slovacek's back.

The erection in his boxers was making itself uncomfortably known, the fabric rubbing over the sensitive tip. Slovacek was hard too, both of them panting slightly as they continued grinding on one another.

It was difficult to kiss and touch each other quietly. Nash's hands explored Slovacek's chest, eventually leading their way to the man's waist, teasing the waistband of his briefs with his finger. Slovacek bit Nash's lip and tugged slightly, encouraging another sound of pleasure from him. In retaliation, Nash followed the trail of hair across Slovacek's stomach and dipped his hand into his boxers, grazing him.

Startled by his touch and fueled by arousal, Slovacek groaned; his breath hot on Nash's neck. Nash tugged lightly on his length, just as eager in his exploration of the other recruit. He felt the muscles in Slovacek's back tense as he fucked into Nash's hand, chasing more of his own release. Both of them continued at a desperate rhythm, Slovacek's dick leaking onto his hand. Panting, they picked up the pace. The man above him shaking with the anticipation of an orgasm-

Commotion somewhere outside the tent shattered the tension of the moment. Nash cursed, snatching his hand from Slovacek's boxers. Slovacek lifted his fist to his mouth, biting into his skin to prevent his orgasm from spilling over to completion. Both men froze, listening to the sounds of the night. Slovacek's breathing evened out, Nash's pulse still pounded in his ears.

They were frozen in place for several minutes, Slovacek still straddling him. It was a ridiculous sight, Nash with his dick tented in his shorts and Slovacek rock hard on all fours, staring at him. If they were not on the cusp of possibly getting caught fooling around, he might have laughed. He still thought he might, purely at the recklessness of the possibility in itself. After another minute or two of listening to the trees rustling and the natural sounds of the marsh, they both let out a breath.

"We shouldn't be doing this," Nash choked out. His mouth was suddenly dry despite the spit they'd swapped moments before.

"No," Slovacek replied quietly. "We shouldn't."

Slovacek leaned back, the strong muscles of his thighs tightening to support his bulk. The man brought each arm to the opposite side of his torso to grab the hem of his shirt. Ducking slightly to avoid hitting the top of the tent, he pulled his shirt overhead, revealing his upper half. The toned muscles of his body were courtesy of weeks of vigorous training. Torso, arms and chest sculpted by a regiment Nash himself had seen the benefits of on his own physique.

With his eyes now adjusted to the dim light inside the tent, Nash took this moment to admire his fellow recruit, his face sharp. Nash took note of the angular cut of his jaw, the slope of his nose with the scar that kissed the bridge, the firm lines of his lips. He was devastatingly handsome, a force to be reckoned with. There was nothing soft about him which was as cunning as it was alluring.

Leaning back into his space, they kissed again. They were careless in their stubborn need to be all over each other. Touching and tasting, arousal roiling back to the surface within each recruit. Slovacek growled low in his throat as Nash's hands explored his chest, appreciating the firmness of his pectorals. With a kiss to Slovacek's jaw, Nash teased his finger across the man's nipple. Slovacek moaned in pleasure, nibbling his ear.

Before long, they were where they left off. Both hard in their briefs, grinding desperately. Nash's hands explored the dips and valleys of muscle across the man's back, chest and thighs. The smell of sweat and sex filling the air inside the tent.

Nash felt a hand rest on his cock, rubbing him encouragingly through his shorts. His head fell back, relishing in the ecstasy of Slovacek's mouth and hands on him. Slovacek's other hand splayed across Nash's stomach, resting there for a moment while he continued to palm him through his briefs. Then, he impatiently pushed the fabric up Nash's torso, revealing his chest. Nash cupped either side of Slovacek's head as the man kissed a slow trail, down his chest to his navel and back again.

"Fuck," Nash whined.

His dick wet with arousal seeped into his boxers, dampening the fabric. He needed to be touched, the knot in his belly furiously tightening. It was almost uncomfortable how turned on he was, how much he needed Slovacek's hands and mouth on him at all times. Suddenly, he felt hands on both of his wrists, removing his grasp from

Slovacek's waist. Slovacek pinned both of his arms above his head, the ground feeling cold on the back of Nash's hands.

"Stay there." Slovacek instructed, his voice hoarse with desire. Nash's breathing hitched as Slovacek used both hands to pull down the waistband of his briefs, dick springing to attention. The tip of his cock glistened with precum, a drop leaking down his shaft to the base. Slovacek stared for a moment, admiring how turned on Nash was. Thankful for the darkness encasing them, Nash felt a blush spread from his cheeks to his chest.

Slovacek wrapped his hand around his length, squeezing slightly. Nash bit his lip to stop a moan that managed to escape his lips. Slovacek hushed him, a sadistic smirk creeping across his face. He stroked Nash's cock from tip to base, never breaking eye contact. Nash tipped his head back, eyes rolling into his head. Holy *fuck,* they are definitely getting caught.

Slovacek huffed a laugh through his nose, stroking him at a lazy pace, taking his time to draw out the whimpers from Nash's throat. His body twitched as the sensation in his stomach built, the knot tightening to the point of pain- and pleasure.

All at once, Slovacek removed his hand; leaving Nash teetering between climax and comedown. He swore, reaching out toward the man straddling him, eager to guide his hands back to where they'd been. He felt strong hands pin both of his back down where they'd been instructed to stay, Nash's head drunk with arousal. Slovacek tutted above him, a cocky grin painting his features.

"I told you to stay." He said smugly, only removing his hands from Nash's wrists once he was certain Nash would stay put. He watched as Slovacek grazed his fingertips down his chest, following the contours of his abdominal muscles. Nash's dick twitched almost in greeting as Slovacek's eyes slid toward it.

Nash divided his focus between keeping his hands above him and watching Slovacek intently. The other recruit shuffled back, as if making his way off of Nash. The fleeting feeling of disappointment vanished when Nash understood what was about to happen next.

Rearranging Nash's legs, Slovacek made space for himself. He bracketed Nash's strong legs on either side of him, bent slightly at the knee. His dark eyes bore into Nash's, his breathing ragged. He lifted his right hand to cup Nash's knee, pulling it slightly outward, spreading his legs a bit wider. Slovacek lowered his head, eyes locked with Nash until finally he ducked forward, planting a kiss to the inside of Nash's knee. Nash's pulse skyrocketed as Slovacek continued peppering kisses up his thigh, leaving the sting of a love bite or two along the way.

Finally, his face was level with Nash's cock, still erect and begging for more attention. Nash couldn't hear anything inside or outside the tent for the blood rushing in his ears like a tide. Nash sent out a silent prayer that he and the recruit between his legs would survive the night and whatever came after; certain their time together had woken every recruit on the field.

The last thing Nash recalled before being torn from his dream was his hands gripping desperately for purchase on Slovacek's head as the man took him into his mouth, swallowing him whole.

End Notes

The people demanded more Slovacek, and who am I to deny them such pleasures?

I'm a big dummy and didn't realize until mid-fic that the nicknames Slovacek gave him and Nash refer to two characters within the Rocky franchise... Here I was thinking he was comparing Nash to the Greek God, Apollo.

SPEAKING OF- Greek God Apollo: also "considered the most beautiful god" and "presented as the ideal athlete"?? Apollo who's recognized as "the God of truth, healing & protection, sun & light, beauty"????
OK Nicholas "rizz-master" Slovacek I know what you're doing.

- A

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